

The Cee-Ay

Of, By and For the Students of Columbia Academy

VOL. I.

MAY 24, 1922.

NO. 11.

WANTED: MORE SIR GALAHADS.

At the present time we certainly need more Sir Galahads. As we all know, Sir Galahad was the model knight of King Arthur's Round Table and was supposed to be the most valiant knight on earth.

He alone achieved the finding of the Holy Grail, and the only reason that he achieved it was because he was pure at heart. He was said to have been the most chivalrous and was called Galahad the Peerless. Because he was without equal in virtue, valor and strength.

Let us all be Sir Galahads, peerless in virtue. Let us try to imitate him in his good deeds. These are essential to have, Catholic gentlemen. Because Sir Galahad gave his thoughts to God and because everything he did was for the greater honor and glory of God, he succeeded in all his undertakings.

A person who has a pure heart nowadays is laughed at and called a "good-goody"; but in the days of Sir Galahad it was different. Those who were wicked and impure were despised and sometimes banished from their country.

Let us make the country as it was in Sir Galahad's time and become models in purity so that we may say as he did: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure."
—Lloyd Schneider, '23.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. W. H. Kann came Saturday for a short visit with her sons Edmund and William.

Father Patnode, of Tama, and Father James Kearns of Cedar Rapids, paid us a visit the past week.

Clem McCullough's parents autoed in from Sherrill's Mound to see Clem Friday.

Jess Faha, who was compelled to leave school early in the winter, due to a hard attack of pneumonia, finds it hard to remain away from his friends at St. Joe Hall. "Tarz" was feeling quite fit again when he was here Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. John Klassen, of Cedar Rapids, Adeline Schlick and Loretta Tobin stopped off Monday noon on their way through the city to visit Harry Rice and John Schlick.

We stated in our last week's issue that a number of the boys from the Academy "hiked" to the Monastery. We beg your pardon and stand corrected—THEY MOTORED.

Father Kucera was absent over Sunday at Lamont, where he assisted Father Joseph Linkenmeyer with his parish duties.

THE HOME TOWN.

There are fancier towns than our little town;

There are towns that are bigger than this,

And the people who live in a little old town,

Don't know the excitement they miss.

There are things that you see in the wealthier town,

That you can't, in a town that's small,

And yet, up and down, there is no other town

Than your own little town after all. It may be true that the streets aren't long,

Nor wide, and maybe, not straight; But the neighbors you know in your own little town,

All welcome a fellow—it's great. In the glittering streets of a glittering town,

With it's palaces, pavement and thrall;

In the midst of the throng you will frequently long

For your own little town after all.

If you live and you work in your own little town,

In spite of the fact that it's small, You'll find it a fact that your own little town,

Is the best little town after all.

—Edmund Kopel, '23.

TO THE STUDENTS OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

A Retreat for Laymen will be given in Loras Hall, beginning Friday evening, June 16, and ending Monday morning, June 19.

Invite your Father, Brother and Friends. Let them enjoy the same treat you enjoyed so much. Charges including room and board, \$6.00. Leave application at Business Office.

SHORT STORY CONTEST.

The Annual Academy Short Story Contest closed Wednesday, May 10th. A number of good stories were submitted. Lincoln Whelan of the Senior Academic class won first honors with "Darwin, Vindicated". Edmund Meyer and Joseph Holloway, Junior Academics, won second and third places with "The Black Door" and "Have It Your Own Way Then." As Whelan's and Meyer's story are to be published in The Spokesman we are not publishing them in The Cee-Ay. Joseph Holloway's story is included in this week's issue.

Fathers Steffen and Mahoney acted as judges of the contest.

"HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY THEN"

Thus would read the headlines that would appear in the story section of New York's greatest evening paper. Young people would devour it at a sitting. Old folk would read it twice.

James Harris and Tom Davis, former friends and class-mates, had met again. Once they had been wealthy, socially prominent and brilliant; now they were tramps. Conversing with them was an elderly man neatly clad in black. Had the reader been near at hand, he might have heard a resume of the story of these two sons of the road.

Both had been famous athletes; both had been brilliant students; both had loved a certain Adelaide.

Tom Davis had been expelled from school. He had been accused of leaving the grounds after night-fall without permission, and the testimony of James Harris had convicted him. "Have it your own way, then," said Davis as he took the penalty that by right belonged to Harris.

Years had rolled on. Harris had graduated with high honors and had accepted a position as cashier in a bank. But Davis was waiting his chance. One morning money was missed at Harris' bank. The cashier was accused of the theft and arrested. At his trial, no evidence was found against him and he was about to be acquitted. But it was not to be so. A shabbily dressed stranger stepped forward in the court room, and pointing a menacing finger at Harris, cried, "You are guilty, and you know it."

"Have it your own way, then, Davis," muttered Harris as they led him back to jail.

More years had rolled by. Davis and Harris had met again. Now both were tramps.

"Well," said Harris, "what has become of Adelaide?"

Just then a lady was seen approaching. Both Harris and Davis looked at her in amazement.

"It is Adelaide," they agreed.

"Pope was right," she hissed, "Beware of all, but most beware of man."

"Oh, what ruin one woman can bring about," moaned the tramps in unison.

"You have had it your own way, both of you," said the man in black. "This world's a stage where all must play a part, and you have been the villains."

The cub reporter sent his story to the New York World. By return mail he received, not a check, but his release. —Joseph Holloway, '23

"THE CEE-AY"

Published weekly in the interests of
Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

Wednesday, May 24, 1922.

Subscription price 5 cents per copy.

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Editorial

In just fourteen days we shall be dispersed, some of us to meet again next fall, some of us to meet perhaps once or twice in our lives again, and the saddest of all thoughts, some of us never to meet again.

With what spirit then, should we part? First of all, let it be one of friendliness and good will. Are there any of us who has an enemy among his fellow students? If there be any differences, however slight their character may be, let us clear them away, and part—Friends All.

If we follow the advice of many great and influential men, we will not stop at parting as friends, but will continue that friendship as long as we live. Some of us have spent the best years of our lives together; shall all the bonds of comradeship and loyalty, which now bind us so closely together, be severed, and just because we are to part?

When we get out into this big bustling world, and encounter a particularly bad obstacle, when progress seems nigh impossible, and our morale is low, who of us can tell but that it may be the support, financial or moral, of an old school-mate which will give us the strength to regain our standing, renew our hope and enable us to carry-on", just as it did in the old days at school.

—J. M. S.

A TRIP TO MEXICO CITY.

Many people in the United States who have not yet acquired much knowledge of our neighboring country, Mexico, save that of a little information learned in the histories of the grade school imagine it to be in a practically uncivilized state. But I can readily assure you that if you took a trip to Mexico, you would be greatly astonished at its beauty, both in nature and architectural achievement.

Living in Brownsville, Texas, at the time I made the little excursion to Mexico City, we were not forced to travel far to reach our destination. Securing passports, which, at the time cost \$1.50, we crossed the Rio Grande to Matamoris, a twin city to Brownsville. It is not a very large city, having about fifteen thousand inhabitants. It is far famed for its beautiful, palmy beer gardens, and the old historic missions around the city.

Boarding a train at Matamoris for Mexico City we found the accommodations to be one hundred per cent better than we expected; in fact everything was nearly as modern as on our average American Railway. Traveling through the country we could plainly see that agriculture and stock raising were the chief occupations. Coming closer to Mexico City, small mining towns became more numerous, Mexico being richly endowed with large deposits of copper and silver.

Arriving at Mexico City, which is the largest, most modern, and up to date city in Spanish America, we found it to be situated in a valley. It was founded by the Aztecs in 1325 and is built in the form of a square covering an area of about four square miles in extent and has a population of 365,000.

One of the most beautiful buildings in the city, or in fact the whole country is the famous old Cathedral. It is a large Renaissance building erected in the early part of the seventeenth century.

On our visit to the National museum we found it to be a huge structure of grey stone, and containing many relics and antiques of the old Spaniards. A number of these antiques are of pure hammered silver. Not far from the city are many old missionos, some nearly in ruins. To the East are the old battle grounds where the Americans utterly routed the Mexicans nearly a century ago.

After spending a week in the city, during which we saw everything of interest excepting a bull fight, we boarded a north bound rattler glad to get back to the dear old U. S. A.

—E. J. Schemmel, '22.

Coach (at skull practice)—
"What's the weak end of a batting order?"

Red—"It's the slugging end coming up to bat for a week-end."

THE FISH POND

Prof.—"Who hasn't his work for today complete? Sit up straight, take down your feet."

Student—"I have all but the last one. If I had more time I'd had it done."

Prof.—"You had time, but you didn't work. You're getting to be an awful shirk, I'm getting tired of fooling with you. Better take a trip to two forty-two"

Student—"Oh! but Father, I'm supposed to play ball. (To Neighbor) They don't have mercy for athletes at all."

Prof.—"Now close your books, we'll have a test, I hope you all are at your best."

Student—"He always springs one when we're not prepared. (To Neighbor) I think I'll flunk, Gee, but I'm scared."

Prof.—"We'll have ten questions, they're not hard. This mark will average on your card. Remember last week I told you to study, there is no excuse for anybody."

Student—"We never had these things explained. If we flunk, we're not to be blamed."

Prof.—"The day we had them you weren't awake."

Bright Student—"Oh! these are easy, I got them jake."

Student—"If I flunk this time I can't play the next game. Gee, but exams give me a pain."

—J. Reedy, '23.

Gorman: "Listen Joe."

Kellogg: "Shoot, I'm all ears."

Gorman: "You said a mouthful, judging from their size."

"I thank you for the flowers," she said.

And then she smiled and dropped her head.

"I'm sorry for the words I spoke last night.

"Your sending flowers proved that you were right."

"Forgive me dear," she sighed.

"I will, my love," he cried.

And as they walked and talked among the bowers.

He wonders, "hoonell" had sent those flowers.

—Ossie, '22.

HAND BALL.

The Hand Ball Tournament was quite drowsy this week due mainly to the inability (?) of participants to participate at scheduled times.

Hogan and Duffy dropped two games to Brennan and Clemens, the first 21-15, the last 21-11. Kellogg and Kopel managed to take a game 21-7 and another 17-9. Brennan-Clemens and Kellogg-Kopel are tied for first place.

ATHLETICS

COLUMBIA ACADEMY, 9; CAMPION ACADEMY, 4.

When our warriors embarked for Prairie Du Chien they did not expect a lark and they didn't get one. But they did succeed in trouncing the Campion Preps to the tune of 9-4. The Academy hit Campion hard in the first, fourth and fifth rounds in each of which frames they copped three markers. Campion managed to score one tally in the first, two in the second and one in the last. Both teams played fast ball and hit hard. "Red" O'Connor—you know "Red"—was on the mound for the Columbians. He was going fine and struck out three in the eighth. He allowed 6 hits but always pulled out of his holes. Columbia also gained 11 hits, two of which "Doc" Wolf transported for circuits. One homer scored Kopel and Forkenbrock. Outfielding honors go to Columbia while Campion gathered all credit in infield stunts.

Score by innings—
Columbia300 330 000— 9
Campion120 000 001— 1
Batteries: Columbia—O'Connor and Wolf. Campion—McGill and McDale.

ACADEMY, 10; ALL STARS, 9.

With the All Stars playing a better brand of ball than on previous occasions, an interesting battle was seen on Clark field. The Academy had to fight throughout the whole game to cop the victory. Joe Kellogg starred for the Academy. His fielding robbed the All Stars of many extra passes. "Circus" also got two doubles, the last scoring "Forky" in the ninth for the winning run. "Pete" Morgan, of the All Stars played like an "Eddie" Collins, grabbing seemingly impossible flies. He also cracked out a double. "Eddie" McPartland copped the All Stars batting Honors. He singled thrice for as many runs. McGarvey whiffed eight men.

R. H. E.
Academy 10 10 4
All Stars 9 15 2
Batteries: Academy—Nevins and Wolf; All Stars—McGarvey and Vietch, Gorman.

COLUMBIA, 3; TEACHERS, 3.

In a slow game at Cedar Falls the Teachers managed to hold our fast Varsity to three tallies. They themselves garnered the same number. Both teams were handicapped by the wet field. The game was scheduled for 2:00 but a heavy downpour delayed it until 3:00. The game was called after the ninth round.

R. H. E.
Columbia000 002 001— 3 9 3
Teachers000 011 010— 3 8 4
Batteries: McAuley and Murray; Roeder and Strandskou.

WEEK'S RESULTS.

Columbia	3
Iowa State Teachers	3
(Called: 9th Inning—; Rain).	
Academy	10
All Stars	9
Columbia Sox	11
Midgi Midgets	2
Midgets	15
Columbia Sox	10
Academy	(9)
Campion Preps	4
Columbia Sox	10
Midgi Midgets	4

TABLE TEAMS.

McPartland's	4
Quinn's	3
Hanrahan's	7
Franke's	2
Meis's	3
Hanrahan's	2
Kople's	7
McCormick's	1
Whelan's	11
Vaessen's	3

OUR ATHLETIC HALL OF FAME.

(Our Own) DORRANCE T. NOONAN.

I have been at many colleges while playing under Purple and Gold colors on foreign grounds, but none can compare with Columbia," said Dorrance. He has been playing in all branches of athletics at Columbia for six years. On account of his basketball ability he is respected and widely known throughout the west. In this he is in a class by himself. He was able to play any position to advantage, but his best work was at forward. He has scored many points and was the means of bringing many victories to his Alma Mater.

Noonan is also a shark at tennis. In 1916 he was awarded the Hawk-eye Conference Trophy, being considered one of the best tennis players in the state.

In baseball he plays the outer garden, in the manner of a big league calibre. He is leading his team in batting this year.

In football he is noted for his accurate passing and open field work.

Noonan was always a leader in his classes and his name always found a place on the Honor Roll. This is his Senior year at the college. Columbia will miss their star very much next year.

JOHN J. LONG.

"I would rather play at Columbia than any other College," remarked John. John Long did not come to

Columbia unheralded. He hails from St. Rita's High school of Chicago, where for three years he was chosen for the Q. B. position on the all Chicago Catholic High school Eleven. This year he is Columbia's famous all-around Athlete. In the fall of 1918 he made his first appearance here. His best work was in football. "Jack would rather play football than eat" Long is "Columbia's Gipp." He handles himself "Like Jim Thorp". Runs the team like "Gus Dorais". He hits the line like a Locke. His general knowledge of foot-ball proves him to be a star in every fray. His "pep" on the diamond, grid iron, put fight into his teammates proving a great factor in winning games. An unusual thing in Long's career is the fact that his first and last games at Columbia were his best.

Dubuque S. A. T. C.14
Rock Island 6

Long scored the winning touchdown in the last quarter. In his last game.

Columbia 42
Mt. Morris 0

In this game Long scored two touchdowns in two minutes. John also made a great record in basketball. He was one of Columbia's best forwards in the history of the college. He was a perfect shot and an excellent floor man. 1922 was his best season. But basket-ball and foot-ball are not only John's best. He was also a baseball star of high caliber. He played the outfield and shortstop. Extra base hits came natural. It would be useless to give any special incidences of his ability. They are too numerous. John is also high in his classes and graduates this year.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Today a sad procession
Slowly winds along the street
With heads bowed low, along they go,
To the muffled drums' sad beat.

They march on to the churchyard
To greet the honored dead
Greet those who fell, while funeral
bell

Doth toll from o'erhead.

And when they reach the church-
yard,
We hear the pastor's voice
Invoked in prayer, that way up there
In Heaven they rejoice.

And then the little flower girls
Strew flowers on every mound.
Then a bugle's blare, doth fill the
air,
As taps they solemnly sound.

Oh! Sleep, sleep on ye noble dead,
Your death was not in vain.
You made this land, both great and
grand,
May you in heaven reign.

—F. Powers, '22.



ACADEMY BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing, left to right: Gallogly, O'Donnell, Coach Kelleher, Meis, McLain.

Second Row: Morgan, Kellogg, O'Connor, (Capt.), Goerd, Diamond.

Bottom Row: Entringer, Gorman, Kopel, McAleer.

The Academy basketball team, under the efficient coaching of Prof. Kelleher, lived up to all expectations this year, dropping only two games during the season, and these during the sickness of Captain O'Connor. They scored a total of 163 points against their opponents' 139.

Diamond, Kopel and O'Donnell will not appear in the line-up next year due to the fact that they complete their course in the Academy this year.



THE CEE-AY STAFF.



THE TEENIE WEENIE FOOTBALL TEAM

Kneeling: Metzinger, Morrissey, Forkenbrock, Kelly, Clark, Fagan

Sitting: Goodman, Meyer, Evans, Hussey, Markham, Nicholson, Barrett.

Here is the Teenie Weenie football team, winners of the Junior Championship series over the Midgets, a day-scholar team. The Teenies lost the first game of the season, tied the second, and won the third, but lost the fourth. In the next two games they held the Midgets scoreless, gaining three touchdowns for themselves. To Father Russell goes the credit of shaping a winning team from a bunch of youngsters with little or no experience. The Midgets were Coached by Father Striegel, who also coached the Academy.

CLASS HISTORY, '22.

Second Semester.

The semester exams approached the quaking, shaking seniors, but they, as all things must, passed over shortly, and the fourth Acs were on the last lap in their thrilling dash for a diploma.

The Academy basketball team closed the season with a remarkable record and it can safely be said that it was one of the best teams the Academy has ever been represented by. "Eddie" Kopel, "Pop" Diamond and Gus" O'Donnell of our class played excellent basketball and their loss will be keenly felt next year.

Much of our spare time was spent in discussing the chances of obtaining the coveted parchment, but that too, was finally consigned to fate and hard work.

The class was represented well on the Academy baseball team by Wolf, Lynch, Hutchinson, Kopel, Nevins, Forkenbrock and Schroeder. The team finished a very successful season having lost only one game.

Seemingly not content with being so ably represented in Academy Athletics the class gave the varsity a first class man in Joe Bertsch, our classy little first sacker. Joe is the only academic man who won a varsity sweater this year.

In track five seniors succeeded in placing in the events. They were: Armstrong, Hanrahan, Diamond, O'Donnell and Powers.

The band claimed Houlihan, Powers, Grage and Hughes. The band was exceptionally good this

year, thanks to Father Dress's able direction.

The class garnered a goodly share of honors in the various contests. "Ed" McPartland and Clement Schmitt, won second and third prizes respectively in the Elocution Contest.

Lincoln Whelan carried off first honors in the short story contest with a sketch called "Darwin Vindicated."

The last month of the semester was one of activity. What with studying for the final exams, the preparation for commencement, the class was kept extremely busy.

Invitations were sent out and all was ready for the exams. After a harrowing few days in the torture

chambers, namely the examination rooms, the anxiously awaited hour arrived, when they were presented with an official looking, neatly tied, roll of parchment, signifying that they had finished High School.

At the banquet given on Commencement eve, Ed McPartland acted as Toast-master. John Hanrahan regaled the assembly with some interesting and amusing reminiscences, Ralph Lassance spoke for the day scholars, and John Schlick gave the class farewell to its Alma Mater. Powers and McPartland entertained with a cornet and piano duet.

The class and student body in general were fortunate in having Rev. J. C. Stuart deliver the Baccalaureate sermon.

The most Rev. J. J. Keane gave the address at commencement.

Thus ended the careers of the class of '22. They are now alumni of Columbia Academy, and will always look back to their school days, and especially their senior year, with tender memories. Let us all hope that they may attain a worthy place in the world and always uphold the ideals of their dear old Alma Mater.

JOE BERTSCH GETS "C".

Our Academy was very well represented this year in Varsity baseball by Joe Bertsch, our first baseman. He received his official "C" Thursday evening, and the student body wish to extend their heartiest congratulations, and wish him success in future seasons.



OUR PRESIDENT

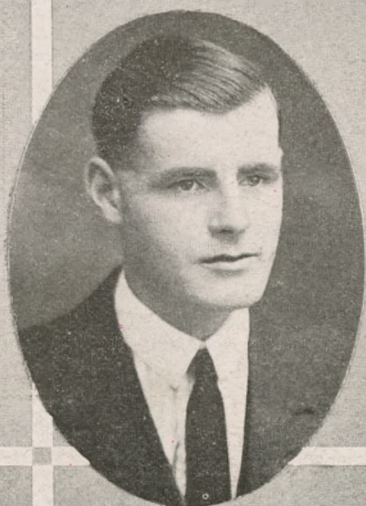


SENIOR ACADEMIC CLASS



ARNOLD A. STIERMAN
GOLD MEDAL

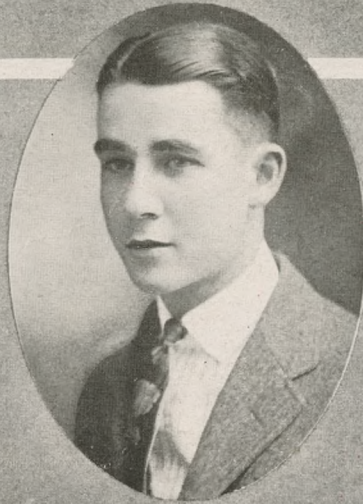
FRENCH ELOCUTION



LEO Mc EVoy
SECOND PRIZE



BERNARD SCHWARZHOFF
THIRD PRIZE



LINCOLN F. WHELAN
GOLD MEDAL

ACADEMY SHORT STORY



EDMUND MEYER
SECOND PRIZE



JOSEPH HOLLAWAY
THIRD PRIZE



A composite image featuring five oval portraits of young men in suits and ties, arranged around a central text. The portraits are set against a dark background with a white grid pattern. The central text reads "ELOCUTION CONTEST". The names and prize levels of the winners are listed below each portrait: John Stafford (top left), Edward J. McPortland (top right, Second Prize), Clement J. Schmitt (center, Third Prize), Arthur Vorwald (bottom left), and Paul V. Ryan (bottom right).

JOHN STAFFORD

ELOCUTION
CONTEST

EDWARD J. McPORTLAND
SECOND PRIZE

CLEMENT J. SCHMITT
THIRD PRIZE

ARTHUR VORWALD

PAUL V. RYAN

"THE CEE-AY"



The Midgets, the day-scholar members of the Junior League, had a very successful season, and ceded the pennant to the Teenies only after a hard fight in which they showed the effects of Father Streigel's coaching in every play they executed. They put up as fine an exhibition of football as could be seen anywhere and made the championship series an interesting one from start to finish.

A ROMAN BLOWUP.

It was the twenty-first inning between the Flemish Jack knives and the Romish Scimitars at the Forum ball park, on the Ides of Agvember, 192 B. C.

Tullius Von Vercingetorix was pitching his thirty third consecutive game for the Flemish Jack Knives. So far the season had been very successful for him. Take for example the game he pitched against the Turkish Tenderloins at Hyde Park, Constantinople, wherein the terrible Turk .Excalibur got only five home runs and thirteen four baggers, which was considered a wonderful showing.

So far in the game he had had very little trouble, nobody getting more than a three bagger except a little wizened, rat faced fellow named Gymansilius De Dumnorix, who succeeded in bouncing out a few home runs in consideration of which, Her Royal Majesticness Mrs. Louie Nero 14th, deigned to toss him a geranium, of which she plucked from her bouquet of roses.

The crisis came in the twenty-first inning. All the Romish Scimitarians began knocking the capsule out of the yard. "My goodness gracious, what has happened? Poor Von Vercingetorix has blown up", roared the excited rooters and root-resses. The king frowned a kingly frown, Mrs. Louie Nero 14th hurled an empty pop bottle at the unfortunate Tullius. The common rooters, among them Angustus Cicerulus, the famous rat catcher of Rome, following the royal example, proceeded to show their displeasure by pointing their thumbs towards Hades and advising the blond Tullius to prepare for a row over the river Styx.

The coach, Euripidilumpstes, seeing all this and fearing a demon-



JUNIOR CHAMPS

Left to right: Hohmann, Kann, Lynch, Stallman, Graham
1B Division had easily the best team in the Junior League. They succeeded in overpowering every opponent by a large margin. As champs they were presented with the silver loving cup, which they in turn presented to Father O'Hagan, their Coach and Professor.

stration by the angry mob, as the king had some influence and might get a large enough following to beat down the opposition of the team and sieze Tullius and do violence to him, decided on a course of action. He cranked up his Ford speeded the old craft across the diamond, seized Tullius by the nape of the ear, threw h'm aboard, and tore madly down the Appian Way. Thus blew the great Roman blow-up of antiquity.

--F. McLain '22.

THE SATELLITES.

The Satellites have succeeded in establishing themselves in the Academy as the Premier Intra team by virtue of their several defeats of their rivals in the Independent league, the Thorns and the Shamrocks. Only once did they bow in defeat and that was in the opening game of the season to the Thorns. The awarding of letters and the election of next years captain has not yet been announced.

"THE CEE-AY"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

James H. Smyth, the son of a New York Millionaire, whose wealth had recently and rather suddenly been acquired, had a strange hobby; the study of criminology, the scientific investigation of crime.

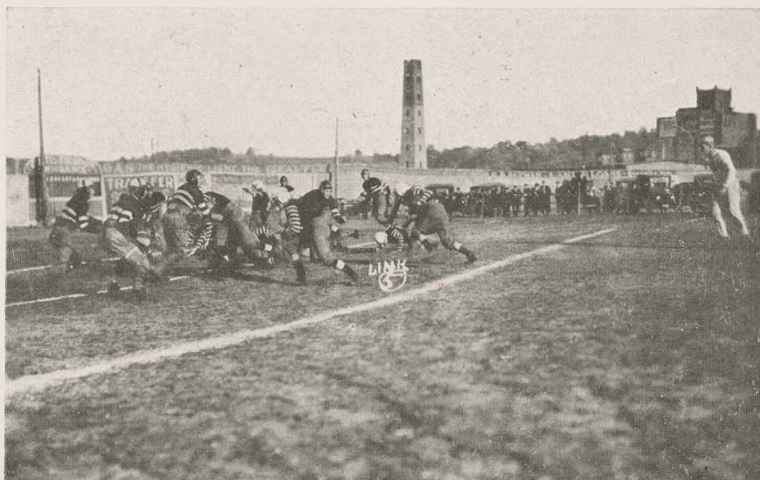
He read all the detective stories of two nations. His greatest delight was in untangling the threads of a baffling mystery with Conan Doyle, Edgar Allen Poe, Mary Roberts Rinehart, or some other writer of that type, and his greatest hero, the one on whom he wished to model his life, was Sherlock Holmes.

When he saw an ad in a popular magazine advising the ambitious young man with a view to making a name for himself to learn to be a detective by mail, he jumped at the chance, convinced that at last he was on the road to success. Dreams of having his name in the headlines, of shaking hands with senators, newspaper reporters and novel writers, (who would probably write gripping stories of his marvelous powers of deduction), were brought before his mind by his vivid imagination. His hobby was now no mere ambition that might be realized in the dim and distant future; it was a burning passion that relegated everything else to the background. His friends heard only one line of talk from him—always detectives. It was either a eulogy of Sherlock Holmes, the greatest detective of the past in fiction or a thrilling prediction of what he himself might be; undoubtedly the greatest criminologist of all time, to hear him talk.

One day, just after he had finished the fourth lesson which the correspondence school had sent him, he opened fire with his pet subject, on his pet object, Montgomery Carlson, known among the younger set as "Monte Carlo", because of his notorious reputation for making the most daring bets.

"The scientific detective," Smyth was saying, "pays the utmost attention to detail." (This was probably memorized from lesson 4). "Often the slightest clew will lead to the capture of a master criminal. Then again, a clever person may escape the hands of justice by some little thing, apparently unimportant. Take my name, for example. There is all the difference in the world between Smyth and Smith. If I were mixed up in a big murder or big robbery case, the first thing that Harrison, of Chicago (he considered Harrison, the Head of the Correspondence School for Detectives, to be the greatest American of the Twentieth Century), or any other good detective would notice, is the way I spell my name. That would furnish a real clue. If I should change Smyth to Smith and then disappear, I would not be found, because there are so many Smith's in the country. Smyth, however, is more aristocratic and distinctive, and would certainly give me away.

"I'll take you up on that," Montgomery said. "You just wear less flashy clothes, put on glasses, disap-



ACADEMY IN ACTION.

(ACADMEX VS DUBUQUE HIGH)

pear from New York, travel under the name of Smith, go to Chicago, take a room in a hotel, and stay there a week. If any one accuses you of being James H. Smyth, son of the New York millionaire, you have to admit it. I bet a thousand dollars that you will be discovered within a week in spite of the fact that you will spell your name a little differently.

Smyth agreed to the conditions made by his friend, and disappeared from New York without leaving a trace. The mystery attracted a great deal of attention, and when the millionaire's son arrived in the great city of the middle west, he found by all the newspapers that all Chicago was intensely interested in his case.

Immediately after his arrival he went to a well known hotel, and entered it with the intention of registering as one of the thousands of Mr. Smith's of America.

Imagine his surprise at seeing a capable looking man, who resembled perfectly the pictures he had seen of Harrison, leaning against the desk, with a newspaper in his hand. He was looking at the headlines which told of the disappearance of the wealthy young man from New York.

Smyth, however, had so much confidence in the modern detective that he walked up to the desk boldly and wrote his name, feeling certain that the great Harrison, who was so attentive to detail, would not bring discredit on his profession by questioning every ordinary man named Smith that came along. He would be more scientific, although he would be baffled, through no fault of his or the profession, by a greater mind than his own.

Smyth started off, and then looked back. The hotel clerk and the man with the newspaper were talking together, looking first at the name which had just been written, and then at him. The man with the paper pointed to the headlines, and then called to Smyth: "Say, young man, come here. Are you the Smyth who disappeared from New York?"

Our hero (?), knowing that the "jig was up" said calmly, "Yes, I'm the man you refer to. But how the dickens did you find me out?"

And then, thinking that he might not have spelled his name Smith as he had intended to, he continued: "Did I write S-M-Y-T-H-E instead of S-M-I-T-H on the register? You're Harrison the detective, aren't you?"

"I'm Harrison," was the reply. "But what's this you say about S-m-y-t-h and S-m-i-t-h?" He looked at the register, spelled S-m-i-t-h then at the newspaper, and spelled S-m-y-t-h.

"Well, by gum!" he exclaimed, "I didn't notice the difference. I thought they were both plain Smith."

The ambitious young New Yorker who had wanted to enter a scientific profession, a profession in which such great attention was paid to detail, became disgusted at this glaring evidence of the failure of his his correspondence course, paid the adored Harrison and the unsoundness of his teaching, discontinued \$1,000 to Montgomery Carlson and considered himself lucky in getting cured of his foolish ambition so cheaply.

—John Plamondon, '22.

SHAMROCKS.

The Foul Balls have changed their name to the Shamrocks. This fact was not mentioned before in the Cee Ay due to an oversight.

At the close of their season large purple and gold S's were awarded to, Devitt, Dolan, Gleason, Devereaux, Less, Yore, Becker, Marron, Lynch, Crowley and Clemes.

BRENNAN BREAKS RECORD.

Tom Brennan, of the Third Academic class in the recent class meet established a new Pole Vault Record of 9 ft. 9½ in. He won several other points helping the Academy to win second place.

Mariano Falgui made the most points for the Academy scoring 10½.

AWARDING OF HONORS.

Athletic activities were officially closed in the Academy Friday evening, June 2nd.

After supper Father Steffen awarded letters to the Football, Basketball, and Baseball men. Also ribbons to the Track men.

The letter men elected Captains for next year. They are Flanagan for Football, O'Connor for Basketball and Noonan for Baseball.

The official C-A was awarded to the following:

Football—Andreson, Armstrong, Boyer, Brennan, Diamond, Flanagan, Kann, Nevins, Oswald, Schlick, Schrempf, VanHanxleden, Whelan and White.

Basketball—Diamond, Kellogg, Kopel, Goerd, Morgan and O'Connor.

Baseball—Forckenbrock, Goerd, Gorman, Hutchinson, Kellogg, Kopel, Lynch, Nevins, Noonan, O'Connor, Scherer, Schroeder and Wolf.

Ribbons were awarded to the following in the Annual Inter-Class Track Meet—Armstrong, Brennan, Falgui, Flanagan, Diamond, Hanrahan, O'Donnell, Powers and Yore.

After the honors were distributed, short speeches were made by Fathers Strigel, Kucera, and Hoffmann, as well as by the newly elected Captains.

The Faculty and students are well pleased with the selection of captains and all extend their hearty congratulations and wish them the best of luck during their respective seasons.

Father Steffen assures us that we will have a larger and better schedule in all branches of Academic Athletics.—Next Year.

EXCUSE ME FOR TELLING.

No doubt you have all been wondering and guessing, etc., who has been writing our little "Athletic Hall of Fame." Well it is none other than Joseph A. Holloway, '23. Jo aspires to be a cub reporter or something on that order and believe me he's got the "ambish". If you have an athletic history and made a few sensational plays or showed the boys up"—Joe is the boy who can ferret it out. Success to the Cub Reporter.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The Blue and the Grey
Have passed away
From the paths of earthly glory.
They fought their fight
For what was right
On the battle fields so gory.

The battles are o'er
They fight no more,
But their memory still lives on,
Commending the brave,
Cursing the knave,
For the battles lost or won.

Memorial Day
Is the time to say
A prayer for the soldiers' souls.
Remember the dead,
For they have bled
That our country might be whole.
—Howard D. Crowley, '23.



"WHEN DO WE EAT?"

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT FISHERMAN.

It is an ancient fisherman
And he stopped students three
'By thy long grey beard and gibbering tongue
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

So we at once sat on a bench
And cannot choose but hear;
The bait was dug and ready all
As we the shore did clear.

The place was found the anchor dropt
And here our lines were let
I caught the first of finny tribe;
By this my luck was set.

But next I caught a turtle round
And could not bring him in
He weighed at least a hundred pounds
Judging from splash and din.

The boat o'erturned and in we went
Oh! what unpardonable sin
Is it that makes the water wet
And chill us through the skin.

As we on earth once more did stand
Of me they did demand,
Why fate on us did look and frown
And smite us with her hand.

'It is the stolen bait," quoth I,
'It came from Mister Bliss;
I did not think it would bring
Such great mishap as this."

"A curse on thee my fisher man;
The boat you must alone
Take back and ask in manner thus
Your sin to be atoned."

The moral of my poem is this;
I hope that you will follow.
"Don't stop to fish in Janesville,
Wis.;
It's just like Pumpkin Hollow."
—J. Kellogg, '23.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Gregory Meiss enjoyed a visit from his mother and sisters Wednesday last.

Father Schleuter, of Staceyville, Ia., visited at the college during the past week.

Francis and John McLain were agreeably surprised by their parents who motored from Lena, Illinois, Saturday the 22nd.

R. E. Keane, of Pocatello, Idaho, a former student of the college, paid his brother Leo a short visit Thursday.

Philip Schaeffer was present at the Commencement exercises of The Senior Class of St. Vincent's Academy. His sister is a member of the class.

Father Schulte and Father Miller have returned for a short respite from their studies at Iowa University. Father Schulte will return to attend the summer session at the University.

Lester Houlihan enjoyed an extended visit from his parents, sister and brother Harold, a former student, during the past week.

Joseph McGeever received word of the death of his grandmother, Monday. He is home to be present at the funeral.

Clarence Ferring and Hilary and Longinus Nabor were pleased to have their parents here for a short while early in the week. They came in by car from New Vienna.

Mr. August Goerd, of Dyersville, called for a short visit with his son, Clarence, Friday afternoon.

Miss Adeline Schlick was in the city over Sunday to visit friends and brother John at the college.

Rudolph Schmitt was called home to Portage, Wisconsin, during the past week due to the illness of his mother.

OUR FINANCIAL CONDITION.

During the past week a number of those who were delinquent with their subscriptions have settled with one or other of our collectors. It was these timely subscriptions which enabled us to publish this issue, and still have no deficit. We are pleased to submit the following brief statement:

Credit:	
Total amount taken in for student subscriptions	\$179.60
Faculty subscriptions	7.00
Advertisement	10.00
From Business Management of the College	15.00
Rec'd for extra copies sold Loras Hall	13.00
Total	\$224.60
Debit:	
Printing and cuts	\$219.00
Supplies	5.35
Total	\$224.35
Credit	\$224.60
Debit	224.35
On Hand35

Academy, 11; West Hill Indians, 8.

The West Hill Indians came to Loras Field "in clean uniforms" with their scalping knives burnished and sharpened and as a result were scalped by the fast Columbia Academy. The score was 11 to 8.

Score by innings:

					R.	H.	E.
Indians	001	011	140—	8	9	6	
Academy	240	102	02x—	11	13	4	

COLUMBIA ALL TIME ALL STAR SELECTION.

By J. A. Holloway, '23.

(Editors Note). The Athletic Board sanctioned these selections:

Football.

Brady (C.) '06.
Jones (G.) '16.
Flaherty (G.) '17.
Bendage (T.) '08.
Galvin, G. (T.) '22.
Meyers (E) '16.
Sweeney, (E) '18.
J. Kerwick (Q.) '08 (Capt.)
Sheely, (Q) '17.
Polier, (L. H. B.) '16.
Long (L. H. B.) '22.
Heuser, (R. H. B.) '15.
Blake (R. H. B.) '22.
Dalton (F. B.) '16.
O'Brien (F B.) '15.

Basketball.

W. Martin (F.) '17.
J. Long (F.) '22.
D. Noonan (F.) '22 (Capt.)
J. Walsh (C.) '17.
W. Caeshen (C.) '22.
O. Heuser (G.) '15.
T. Dalton (G.) '16.
J. Fisher (G.) '22.

Baseball.

J. Kerwick, (1b.) '08.
Gallagher, (2b.) '09.
J. Long, ss.) '22.
D. Dougherty (3b.) '09.
D. Noonan, (r. f.) '22.
J. Cretzmeyer (l. f.) '09.
A. Mann (c.) '16.
Faber (p.) '09.
Heuser (p.) '15.
McAuley (p.) '21.
McCauley (p.) '22.
N. Steffen (c.) '12.
*C. Murray (c.) '22.

COLUMBIA, 6; WHITE SOX, 2.

The bigger they come, the harder they fall and so the Dubuque White Sox came and fell—hard. You know who fell on them. "Syl" McCauley hurled a bear of a game, and only gave one hit. What does it matter if Schlueter did stretch it for four bases? This hit allowed two runs in the fourth.

In the same division Columbia scored on a changed decision. "Cy" Murray started the fun in the eighth, by knocking a two-sacker with Choquette and Noonan occupying. In this frame five Columbians crossed rubber. One paltry error, alone marred the Collegian's fielding record.

Score by innings:

Score by Innings:				R.	H.	E.
Dubuque Sox	000	200	000	—2	1	1
Columbia	000	100	05x	—6	6	1

**THORNS BASKETBALL TEAM.**

Top Row: Kopel, F.; McPartland, Mgr.; Zak, F.; McLlain, F.
Bottom Row: Diamond, G. (Coach). O'Donnell, C.; (Capt.) Franke, G.

The Thorns Basketball Team, an independent organization, the strongest of its kind ever formed in the College, had a very successful season. Besides defeating every other independent team in the College, they played a number of teams from the city, including St. Mary's High, and the Midway Taxis. The latter won the Championship of the Industrial League of the city, and were the only team from which the Thorns took the measure. This was easily the most interesting game of the season, but in the last few minutes, the Taxi's right forward found the loop and dropped three baskets, winning the game sixteen to eleven.

The Thorns wish to thank the student body for their generous support.

1922 INDIVIDUAL RECORDS.

Name	Pos.	Batting					Fielding		
		G.	AB.	R.	H.	Ave.	A.	PO.	E. Ave.
Lynch	rf., 1b.	7	27	18	17	.667	1	20	3 .875
Hutchinson	2b.	8	22	10	9	.454	10	12	3 .880
Goed	1b.	4	12	5	1	.417	0	24	2 .921
Kellogg	lf.	6	10	4	4	.400	2	4	0 1.000
Noonan,	3b.	8	31	13	11	.382	10	10	4 .833
Kopel	ss.	8	31	11	10	.355	20	19	6 .866
Forkenbrock p.,	cf.	8	24	8	6	.333	2	6	6 .591
Wolf,	c.	7	27	7	6	.259	9	46	1 .982
O'Connor	lf. p.	8	27	6	7	.222	7	9	0 1.000
Gorman	rf.-c.	7	14	3	2	.215	0	7	1 .874
Nevins	p.	7	11	2	2	.143	7	2	0 1.000
All Substitute			43	7	9	.174	8	21	1 .951
Team Record			282	93	84	.333	84	181	30 .899

ACADEMY RESULTS.

	R.	H.	Opponents	R.	H.
Academy	8	8	Dubuque Dodgers	0	3
Academy	8	13	Epworth Seminary	2	4
Academy	11	17	Epworth Seminary	3	6
Academy	14	11	Dubuque High	2	3
Academy	9	11	Campion All Stars	4	5
Academy	8	13	Campion All Stars	7	7
Academy	12	6	Dubuque High	4	1
Academy	11	13	West Hill Indians	8	10
Academy	82	33	Opponents	20	39

THE COACHES.

In reviewing the successes attained by both Varsity and the Academy baseball team during their 1922 season, we should bear in mind that no small amount of credit is due to the Coaches. Undoubtedly Father

Steffen and Prof. Cretzmeyer are entitled to some recognition for their season's work. They must find their best thanks in the enthusiasm shown by the student body in support of their work.